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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIX. CHICAGO, APRIL 10, 1902. NUMBER 6

The Spring Awakening.

The world awakes from its winter sleep;
Spring hurries on amain.
From their beds in the earth the crocuses peep,
Answering the sun and rain.

The south wind blows, and the skies are blue;
And glad on the balmy air
Float the songs of birds, as their mates they woo,
While building their nests so fair.

'Twas a chill, dead world but a month ago,
Nor a bud nor a bloom was seen;
And a winding sheet of the cold, white snow
Wrapped hills, and the vales between.

But the sun drew near with a mellower ray,
And beckoned the warm south wind,
And the snow like a death-wraith melting away,
Left grass and flowers behind.

And so the great miracle's wrought again;
The mystic wonder of spring.
Reviving nature has burst death's chain,
And we look on wondering.

And ever the miracle hinteth anew
Of a marvel greater still;
When the soul the cordon of death bursts through.
Impelled by the great God's will.

And thought, work, friendship, and love once more
Employ brain, heart, and hand,
In a world from whose generous, sun-bright shore
Death evermore is banned.

REV. CHALES E. PERKINS.

Keosauqua, Iowa.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

Western Unitarian Conference

Fiftieth Anniversary May 6th, 7th and 8th, 1902
at the Church of Messiah, Chicago.

ABSTRACT OF PROGRAMME.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 6TH—Anniversary sermon Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON, MAY 7TH—Annual business meeting. Address of President, reports of Secretary and Treasurer, and informal discussion.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—Three historical papers, "The Birth," Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Brockton, Mass.; "The Renaissance," Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago; "The Period of Storm and Stress," Rev. Henry M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Platform meeting. Subject, "The Western Unitarian Conference." Speakers, Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, D. D., Rev. Fred V. Hawley.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 8TH—Annual meeting of the Western Sunday School Society, with addresses by Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston; Rev. R. W. Boynton, of St. Paul, and others.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON—Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian Women, Miss Low presiding. Addresses by Mrs. S. C. H. Jones, Mrs. David Utter, Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Mrs. Mary B. Davis and others.

At 4:30 p. m. closing business session of the Conference. At 6 p. m. banquet under the auspices of the Unitarian Club of Chicago, speakers to be announced.

For further particulars address
F. C. SOUTHWORTH, Secretary,
175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME XLIX. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1902. NUMBER 6

THE MUSIC IN MY HEART.

I've music in my heart, dear love,
And music all day long;
It doth to me a comfort prove,
And makes me blest and strong;
For when at morn you go to work,
You leave a smile behind,
And in that glance a song doth lurk,
To haunt with joy my mind!

O little seems the fond good-bye,
And word that then is said,
Yet music 's in the smiling eye,
For all the ways I tread;
And just a kiss beside the door,
With word of greeting strong,
Will help the heart of rich or poor,
And give it angel song!

William Brunton.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "A war department that would consider Fred Funston a great soldier would not be likely to think much of Gen. Miles."

Again Chicago has scored a great victory at the polls in the interest of civic righteousness. The Municipal Voters' League has again rendered signal service in securing the election of honest men to the council and in fixing the attention of the whole city upon the few disreputable characters that still maintain chairs in that body, but their power for mischief is gone. They are known for what they are, in the council chamber as out of it. They are simply relics of an old regime now happily past.

Rev. Mr. Newton, of Dixon, Ill., as reported in the local paper, thinks that Kipling is at his best in his latest novel, "Kim"; that "the book will live because in it we see the tragedy, the pathos of crime and the grandeur and misery of the ancient East." All this is disclosed in the pages of "Kim," but we feel that lacking the prophetic vision that gives the courage to forecast a future worthy this great antiquity, the book is doomed to a short life. Kipling makes it clear that the old India is to die, but to one reader at least he makes it as clear that the boasted "new India under British rule" has never been alive, and that this rule of the sword, this "great game" of the invaders, must also pass away before the greatness of the coming India will come.

Hearst's Chicago American is credited with enterprise not always scrupulous, but we are glad of the enterprise that last week sent a delegation of representative and reliable clergymen from Chicago to Kansas City to view, that they might subsequently honestly report upon, the horrible slaughter of 30,000 or more pigeons at a great meet of the "National Sportsmen's Association." "Snap-shots" were taken of the birds in all states of mutilation; of the little boy whose business it was to wring the necks of the pigeons mutilated but not killed; of the wagon that contained the barrel-loads of dead birds carried away, and these were reproduced in painful pictures in the paper. We will not mar our pages with details. There is nothing new in it. All this is familiar to those who are acquainted with "trap-shooting." Speaking not from the standpoint of the writer but the standpoint of our intelligent and more humane sportsmen, we say that "trap-shooting must go."

Perhaps a Pennsylvania farmer has struck upon the solution of the bird-on-the-hat problem. He has started a crow hatchery and is going into the business of raising crows for the millinery market, being assured by the milliners that crows' wings promise to be a permanent article of trade. If we must have wings on hats, let them be produced by artificial methods and by regular husbandry, and not denude our forests and threaten our orchards and gardens, as has been so recklessly done by the women for the last thirty years. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Illinois Audubon Society is determined to make a living law out of the statute passed in 1899, which fixes a penalty of fine and imprisonment for robbing the nest of any wild bird, or for the killing or having in possession, alive or dead, any bird save those known as game birds. This society is well officered and means business. Its proceedings will be watched with interest, and we trust its example will be followed in other states.

At last the proceedings of the seventh annual meeting of the Congress of Religions, held last June at Buffalo, N. Y., have appeared in pamphlet form. Most of the addresses have already appeared in UNITY, and they are now reprinted from the linotype composition then used. This will account for the unavoidable delay in the appearance of this volume, as well as explain and somewhat atone for certain typographical and other errors which will doubtless be discovered, to the regret of all concerned. Notwithstanding all this, we are sure that the volume is one that our readers will be glad to own, to lend and to help circulate. A copy has been sent to all the names available of those who have ever expressed their interest in the Congress by money contributions or membership fees. We ask especial attention to the financial exhibit at the close of the volume. We hope it will insure the continued support of old friends and inspire in them even more active co-operation than in the past. Copies of these proceedings, as well as those of the Omaha and Boston meetings, can be supplied at the rate of 25 cents per copy. Special rates for those who buy them for missionary uses.

Mr. Henry Demarest Lloyd, Boston, Mass., who brought such interesting news from New Zealand a short time ago, is about to sail for Europe, and upon his return in the autumn will lecture upon "The Swiss Sovereign"—how the Swiss people use their right to veto the laws of the legislature and to pass laws of their own; "The Irresistible German Social Democratic Party and the Immovable German Emperor;" "One Happy Family of Reformers"—the unique social movement of Belgium, where Social Democrats, trades-unionists, co-operators and liberals are working in unison; "The Latest News from Co-operative Land"; "From Hireling to Partner," an account of the most advanced section of the European co-operative movement, in which workingmen and workingwomen own and operate mills, factories, stores and even farms as their own employers, capitalists and directors; "Newest England: New Zealand, the Experiment Station of Modern Democracy"; "Country Without Strikes," telling how strikes and lockouts are prevented in New South Wales, West Australia and New Zealand; "A Day with William Morris"; "The Gospel of Progress." Mr. Lloyd is a man to make a place for when committees are arranging for lecture courses and sociological studies.

It is a source of pride and joy to every American citizen to know that the United States has kept faith with Cuba, and that in the evolution of history magnanimity has triumphed over greed in national politics. This victory of honor was not achieved without opposition. Men high in the counsels of the nation, enjoying the confidence of both parties, have predicted that the United States would hold what it had, and that the flag would never be pulled down where it had once been reared. To the honor of "Old Glory" let it be said that it is to be lowered from the flagstaffs of Cuba for the two adequate and honorable reasons that the Cubans do not want at the present time to live under the flag and that the United States promised them to withdraw once their freedom was secured. We believe that the precedent about to be established in Cuba will yet be followed in the Philippine Islands, and democracy will be vindicated in the house of her friends, and that the United States, when it has done all the good (!) it can to the Philippines by the power of arms, will abide by the decision of the Filipinos. It will there also retire the soldier and lower the flag, to the honor of the flag, if it be so desired by the ruling majority of the natives. They have a right to govern themselves after the pattern of the United States, if they so desire. Nay, they have a right to fail in the attempt, if so it must be. The failure will be better than no attempt, and will prepare the way for victories later on. We salute the stars and stripes, more beloved and more honorable from the fact that under its folds we have kept the faith with Cuba.

Our readers will be interested in the article published in another column under the title of "Theological Reconstruction." Our contributor has seen deeper into the situation than most ministers of the day. American churches have progressed too far to be able to secure theological adjustments by emigration. The disintegration of dogma is too far reaching, the growth of the spirit of love and usefulness and the sweet reasonableness that belongs to them have gone too far to secure adjustment by moving out of one denomination into the other. The old distinction between "liberal" and "orthodox" churches is too ambiguous to be of much service, for so much openness and liberality accompanied with intellectual integrity is found in the creed-hampered churches that the patronizing pretensions of the other kind of churches prove that balance of dogmatism is sometimes on the other side. Apropos of this subject, the Rev. Johnson Henderson, a Congregational minister, preached in the Armour Institute, Chicago, last Sunday, a sermon on "Can the Old Faith Live with the New?" He said that "miracles had long since ceased to be certificates of truthfulness of the Bible narrative." He spoke of the "continual disturbance of the old and cherished beliefs." He continued to specify views outgrown and said, "There must be room for the new view," and if we rightly infer his conclusions from the printed extract, he looked not for relief in revisions but in readjustments. The times are ripening for a new and a higher readjustment. Honest men who think alike will not always stand apart out of deference to divergent traditions and the ecclesiastical antagonism of history.

Fifty Years of Unitarianism in the West.

As will be seen from the preliminary announcement on the second page of this issue, the Western Unitarian Conference is to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in the Church of the Messiah, in this city, next month. The celebration will be a quiet one; there may be no great public demonstration and outwardly there will be very little in the story to boast of. The Unitarian movement has never been a spectacular one and has never been a thing of statistics. To try to estimate it as such is to misunderstand and misinterpret it. It has no figures either to boast of or to be ashamed of, for, like all protests, to a great extent it is self-limiting. For such movements to succeed is to die, for success means to make themselves unnecessary.

It came into being as a protest against irrationalism in religion. It protested against crippling dogmas and science antagonizing doctrines, and in so far as the religious world has ceased to emphasize such dogmas and doctrines, and existing religions have taken up with sweet reasonableness, with science and with the progressive hospitality to thought, that was always at the heart of the Unitarian contention, its *raison d'etre* has ceased to be. But while creed-fetters and narrowness abound there will be an unfinished task for it to perform.

The story of Western Unitarianism is a noble, and to those who have the necessary acquaintance with its history and appreciation of its methods a thrilling one. It is the story of brave men with large hearts and a large degree of prophetic vision. The story includes the names of James Freeman Clarke, Moncure D. Conway, A. A. Livermore, A. D. Mayo, Wm. G. Eliot,

N. A. and C. A. Staples, Robert Collyer, R. L. Herbert, S. S. Hunting, John H. Heywood, T. B. Forbush, Oscar Clute, John R. Effinger and many others less known perhaps, but worthy of a place in this list.

The movement of Unitarianism in the West is the story of the leadership of the movement that domesticates science in the pulpit, that establishes the scriptural quality in extra-Biblical literature, the comparative study of religions, interdenominational comity, humanitarian sympathies and the thought of the universal brotherhood. This movement now has far outreached the boundaries claimed by the most presumptuous Unitarians. Emerson, Herbert Spencer and Max Mueller are names to conjure by in hundreds of pulpits in the West never claimed by Unitarians; aye, pulpits which still resent a Unitarian implication.

At the coming anniversary the conference will do well not to try to survey its boundaries, but it can confidently and profitably exploit the central things in its life. It would be well for it, if it could, to summon its best witnesses from those who are without the fold, if indeed there be such a "fold."

The fifty years of Unitarianism should be interpreted in terms of hope. It deserves wide attention and challenges the study of the scholars, the consideration of the preachers. It should deal with that which must be considered by the future historian who perhaps centuries hence will write the history of the religious development, the spiritual conquests of the Mississippi Valley. It is one of the many forces that has contributed to the amelioration of dogma, the elevation of ethics, the fraternization of religion. It has revealed itself in Jewish, Protestant and Catholic organizations, in a way to bring about a more conscious fraternity and an ever increasing co-operation between them, and some day far down the line it will help create a great new catholicism, nobler and bigger catholicism than even the American Church, which once was so fascinating a dream of some of the Unitarian propagandists mentioned above. It will be a great humanitarian church in which there will be no unitarian or trinitarian, no Jew nor gentile, but one brotherhood in the love of truth and the service of humanity, the worship of God and the discipleship of all the inspired prophets and all the anointed teachers of history.

Let the fiftieth anniversary of Unitarianism be studied in this broad spirit and be celebrated in this high catholicity, and it will be an occasion for the universities to take note of, a subject for academic study, material for the philosopher and the historian to brood over.

Eighty Years of Edward Everett Hale.

Of the many kind, wise and appreciative words spoken and written last week concerning this national man and international prophet nothing has been more to the point than what was said by Edwin D. Mead ten years ago at his seventieth birthday, for which we make room below:

Dr. Hale, in a word, is a wonderful example of an all-round man. When he went to Exeter, to give one of the lectures in the notable course of lectures given to the Phillips Academy boys in 1887, and afterward published, he took for his subject "Physical, Mental and Spiritual Exercises." He is himself a rare illustration of a life whose physical, mental and spiritual powers are all kept in active and harmonious exercise. He not only exercises vigorously—he sleeps vigorously.

* * * *

People criticise Dr. Hale for his imperious versatility and the almost unlimited range of his activities. It is easy to say that if he had done less he might have done more—and very likely he often says it to himself, and is angry at himself for the moment for scattering his fire.

Some of us who study history are impatient for the moment as we note this bit of carelessness and that on his vital and fascinating page. But who of us would venture to make Dr. Hale over, or risk a hint as to how he should be made over? We should have a poor creature compared with what we have—and we are grateful for the gift of the gods.

* * * *

When one really pauses to consider the range of Dr. Hale's interests and activities, over and above his constant, regular work as a preacher and a philanthropist, one is certainly amazed. His stories alone fill several volumes—and is it not right to say that no American has written better Christmas stories or cleverer short stories altogether than he?

He has written some of the best ballads which we have. He has written histories of Massachusetts and of Spain; he has written lives of Columbus and Washington and Franklin; he has written a naval history of the American revolution; he has written of Hawkins and Drake and Magellan, of Philip's war and the Hessian flags and Nathan Hale; of Coronado and the Seven Cities of Cibola, and of the cosmogony of Dante and Columbus; he has written several volumes of practical advice for young people on "How to Do It," "What Career," "The Choice of Books;" his interest in social and industrial reform has borne fruit in such books as "Sybaris," "How They Lived at Hampton," and "Workingmen's Homes;" and there is a great literature, including works like "Ten Times One is Ten," and "In His Name," which we will not attempt to classify.

In writing history, he loves to get close to the actors of his story and let us hear their words. His "Stories of Adventure Told by Adventurers," "Stories of Discovery, Told by Discoverers," "Stories of the Sea, Told by Sailors," and "Stories of War, Told by Soldiers," all get their charm from this first-hand quality. He has not only written history—he has acted history.

Few things in his recent speeches have been more impressive than his words upon the influence of the civil war upon his own life. Mr. McElroy, of the New York *Tribune*, speaking at the banquet on his 70th birthday, said: "When the Kansas trouble was at its most burning stage (I may be telling an old newspaper secret, but Mr. Greely is not here to chide me), the foremost editorial articles were written by Mr. Hale. The *Tribune* got the credit, and he did the work."

Students of those stirring ante-bellum days will not neglect Mr. Hale's work on "Kansas and Nebraska," written in 1854, nor his introduction to Thayer's "History of the Kansas Crusade."

Dr. Hale is not only a "double" man; he is a dozen men. His dozen irons can all be kept hot, his dozen horses kept abreast, and all on the gallop. He adds an editorial horse to his team here or there with the seeming freedom of a boy adding a new game to his repertoire. Today he is two editors, yesterday he was three. We find that at one time he was "the editorial column of no less than 10 newspapers." How many magazines, from Old and New backward and forward, has he not been sponsor for?

* * * *

Through the hundreds of "Ten Times One" clubs which owe to him their impulse, he has almost become the founder of a new church. And club and sermon, article and book have all had one aim and end—a better, brighter and more beautiful society, a more heavenly civic life. It was natural that, when his heart was full at the commemoration on his 70th

birthday, he should fall at once to talking about church and state, talking politics in a religious way and talking religion in a political way; for this is what he has been doing all his life, and it is for this that he has lived.

It is this insight into the common end and aim of the church and state, this insight that we are all our brothers' keepers, in whatever way we look at it, that our duties to our brothers are no less sacred and no less commanding as citizens than the churchman may feel his to be as churchman to his fellow-churchmen, that has made Dr. Hale so natural and outspoken a champion of the socialistic movement of our time. It is this that has made him a great radical altogether.

There are those who do not know that he is a radical. We have heard him spoken of fondly in his own church circles as a conservative. His love for the fathers, his tenderness for the beautiful tradition, the historic taste and literary habit, the reverent spirit, all make the old words sweet and natural to his tongue; but there is no man among religious men who builds so little upon a phrase and who goes so directly to the root of the matter.

It is easy to find men who are "radical" on some one point—they are a cheap lot. It is hard to find an all-round radical—one who is everywhere thinking of the root of the matter. Radical often enough is a name earned simply by bold irreverence, by superficial adventurers tramping around in rich inheritances whose value they do not understand. These are not radicals, but labials.

The true radical may indeed stamp his foot on the inheritance; but another may do it only in his capacity as an uneducated man or a fool. There are men who are called radicals and think themselves so because they have found out that Christ did not turn water into wine at Cana of Galilee. Their religion often consists exclusively of pride at having found out that momentous fact; and they pity the Baptist brother or the high church brother round the corner, who, unfortunate believers in a hundred miracles, are giving their whole lives to men in the spirit of the Christ of Galilee.

Go to this "radical" for help in the movement against the buttressed social wrong, and you will get but the cold shoulder and find him a sharer in every "vested interests" but Cana wine; while the benighted brother whom he pities, caring nothing for odium or opprobrium or himself, is helping to turn the world upside down, that justice may be done and wrongs be righted, however conventional social prejudices or orthodox political economy have to be faced and have to suffer. This man and not the other belongs to Dr. Hale's church and Dr. Hale to his; and this is the true radical, because he is radical about what is substantial; the other about what is accidental.

* * * *

Few more inspiring essays have been written by any of our American historical scholars than Dr. Hale's essay 20 years ago on "Puritan Politics of England and New Enlgand." Here, while yet there was no monument to Oliver Cromwell in England, Dr. Hale proposed one for New England; and in recently securing a portrait of Cromwell for the Old South Meeting House, he has, in a measure, realized his long cherished thought.

It is for the rare union of idealism and energy, of reverence and boldness, of politics and religion, of brotherhood and common sense, that Dr. Hale loves the Puritan—and in the rare union of these that he is the Puritan. For that is what he is—the developed and purified Puritan, the Puritan humanized and cleared of what was one-sided and unlovely in him.

Of Dr. Hale's personal influence, the charm of his conversation, his unfailing kindliness and vivacity, his indefatigable helpfulness, the warmth of his presence, who shall adequately speak? The younger generation of Boston intellectual workers are especially his debtors. There are few of them to whom he has not somehow lent a hand when it was most needed, for whom he has not had the encouraging word in discouragement, whose high motives and ambitions he has not been quick to recognize for what they were and not for what they were not, and whose good fortune he has not done something to advance when it deserved to be advanced.

There are many of them who, in their full manhood, like to think of themselves as Dr. Hale's "boys," and it is not on the printed page that such can pay their highest tribute.

With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world; but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a God bless you! and there ends.

For Vanity's Sake.

He was a happy and gay little singer,
With lyrics of summer pent up in his throat,
He sang from the dawn to the sunset, but always
He kept for the evening his tenderest note.

Then when the little gold stars were a-twinkling,
He flew to the brim of his own woven nest,
And twittered soft nothings, received sleepy answers
That made a glad quiver creep into his breast,

And ruffle his fuzzy red feathers. There surely
Was never a little bird gladder than he;
No other nest with so charming a lining
Was ever more cosily moored in a tree.

The air of the forest is heavy with fragrance,
As gay tinted flowers their petals unfurl,
But two flashing wings, that God colored so brightly,
Are rigid and still, for the whim of a girl.

The little brook catches its breath as it passes,
A shadow lies dark on the wood's brooding face;
A bit of God's music and sunshine gone from them,
Fettered in ribbons and meshes of lace.

A full-throated chorus, yet summer is grieving
Over the songs that will never be heard,
Locked in a small stiffened breast. Oh, I wonder
What God is thinking, you poor little bird!

God's Thought in Answer.

Foolish and vain, you have murdered my birdlings;
Thoughtless and cruel, you wear its bright wing;
Merciless, hard of heart, flaunting its feathers,
Woman, 'gainst you, is the charge that I bring.

Crushed out its life, while 't was singing my praises;
Mangled its form as its sweet note was heard,
Starved its young nestlings, for mother care pleading,
Woman, I ask of you, where is my bird?

Formed by my love divine, far reaching, tender,
Touching with music the dull hearts of men,
Heavenward him lifting, by bird song ecstatic,
Man's soul to his Maker I would bring near again.

Life is so sweet to them, bright little warblers;
That life I gave, with its service and joy,
Mine the birdlings, fulfilling my purpose;
Woman, is 't womanly thus to destroy?

Wrathful, I look on the woes of my creatures,
Piteous their cry by my listening ear heard;
Shot, torn, bruised, helpless, fainting and dying;
Woman, I ask of you, where is my bird?

The Woman Who Wears the Egret Plume.

Here on my bonnet I've fastened this beauty,
Bright wing and breast, with gold flashing sheen,
Oriole and red bird, white dove and heron,
All made to decorate bonnets, I ween.

Nothing so sweet in all Paris or London,
Nothing so fine as this delicate spray,
Graceful and fluttering, "perfectly lovely,"
Flauntingly decking my bonnet so gay.

Smartly I wear them, these beautiful feathers!
Colors so exquisite I've never seen;
Emerald and purple, snow-white and golden,
All made to decorate women, I ween.

Wonderful kindness of God, our creator,
For womanly needs he does freely provide;
Feathers for bonnets and plumes for adornment,
Egrets and breasts and whole bodies beside.

All the vast realm of bright nature man searches;
Egrets were made for us, naught so lovely is seen;
Even the fowls of the air formed to deck us,
Woman of beauty, grace, fashion, the queen.

The Woman Who Cannot Sanction Murder for the Sake of an Ornament.

Just thy reproach, O merciful Father!
Millions of slain tell the wide-spreading dearth;
E'en a dead sparrow waked Jesus' compassion,
Tenderly held in his hand while on earth.

Not mine the shame of it, not mine the blame of it,
Not mine that hard heart, by pity unstirred,
Which could rob of sweet life and leave mangled and bleeding,
Killed for an ornament, God's poor little bird!

Winsome, melodious, thy dainty bright creatures,
Sing to us songs of hope, courage and cheer,
When soaring in upward flight, heavenward they lift us,
Sorrow and fears, gloomy doubts disappear.

Let us then reverently care for, protect them,
Save from destruction, terror and wile,
Creatures of thine, wild birds of the woodland,
Music of God, as flowers are his smile.

P. T. C.

Theological Reconstruction.

Does it not seem clear to those who "read the signs of the times" that we are fast approaching what someone has called "a new synthesis of the religious forces" in this country? Who will undertake to predict what the outcome will be of the movement of liberal thought that is now going on within the great Protestant denominations? Some of the influences at work are very plain to be seen. In the first place, the ministry of the great leading denominations is rapidly becoming leavened with liberal thought. The truths of history and science and the higher criticism of the Bible are being widely accepted by thinking men within the churches. What is to become of the growing army of ministerial heretics? A Methodist conference in Kansas recently expelled a brother for an open avowal of his belief in evolution and other equally harmless things. But will the great Methodist Church undertake to purge itself of all its heretics, beginning with Bishop Vincent? It might be a good thing, in the interests of honesty, for the denomination to institute a strict inquiry into the theological beliefs of its leading ministers. The writer has heard some extremely heretical views expressed by men high in authority in the denomination, but *in private*. Before a great while it will be safe for Methodist ministers to tell the truth in public about their real beliefs. The question arises, Can a great ecclesiastical organization coexist with individual freedom of thought? Have the two things ever co-existed? The probability is that within a single generation the doctrinal standards of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be widened sufficiently to admit of views that are now considered heretical. When Bishop Vincent advises young ministers to enlarge their thought by reading the works of Emerson and John Fiske, how long is the theology of John Wesley likely to hold a place in the Methodist Church?

The Presbyterian body is confronted by the same problem. How are they going to be solved? Will a slight modification of the Westminster Confession relieve the present strain? The fact is the tinkering of the old Confession is, in the opinion of many very able Presbyterians, but "playing to the galleries." The Westminster Confession cuts a very small figure in determining the theological opinions of a large body of ministers in the Presbyterian fellowship. The principle of *laissez faire* seems to govern the present policy of Presbyterianism toward its heretics.

Recently a prominent minister of this body in Missouri, anticipating trouble on account of his Unitarian views, wrote to inquire about the necessary preliminary steps toward entering the Unitarian fellowship. Under his leadership his church has adopted the simple creed, or statement, used by a large number of Unitarian churches. This minister was advised to remain with his people and await the result of a heresy trial if it should come. A committee of investigation visited the town, but, on finding that to discipline the heretic would be to lose a church from the denominational year-book, the committee disbanded without holding any further investigation. This does not seem like a strictly honest policy, but it seems to prevail.

If we turn to the Congregational body we find that here the heretics are legion, owing, doubtless, to the relative independence of the individual churches. But, even here, the heretic is often in a very disturbed frame of mind. Some time ago there was quite a list in the hands of a missionary official of the American Unitarian Association of ministers in good standing, active pastors of Congregational churches, who had signified their desire to unite with the Unitarian body when desirable openings could be found for them. It is very evident that the Unitarian body, with its limited number of churches, cannot take care of the increasing army of heretics. What, then, shall such ministers do? Shall they keep on suppressing their deepest convictions and compromising their own characters as honest men, or shall they preach their real beliefs to their congregations and risk the consequences? The latter seems to the present writer to be the wisest plan, and he ventures to believe that if the heretic is a man of real worth, who has won the confidence and love of his congregation, the people will, in most cases, stand by him and support him.

If the minister is not a strong man in any way, if he is not a man of more than average force and preaching power, he is likely, by joining the Unitarian body, to find himself in the ranks of the unemployed, taking his place in a long procession of candidates waiting for a hearing in a small number of pulpits. What our country really needs most of all religiously to-day is men of courage and force and honesty, who are ready to trust the instincts of honesty and sincerity in the masses of the people—men who are competent and courageous to lead, who have unbounded faith in the future, and who are looking forward to and working for a larger fellowship in Religion.

W. H. Ramsay.

Kansas City, Mo.

For the Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Amount previously acknowledged	$30.00
From a Presbyterian minister in New York: A friend loaned me a copy of Unity in which was published your address outlining the plans for the Lincoln Centre. I hesitate to send so small an offer, but perhaps the enclosed will gain some added interest by reason of its source, as an expression of the interest and sympathy of a Presbyterian pastor. I wish it might be more. I like to think that we are not so far apart as many think, for our denomination also stands, as I view it, historically and fundamentally for liberty, whatever it may seem to be temporarily and superficially. May God bless you, and your plan, and your work	5.00
D. H. Kirkpatrick, Hubbardston, Mich.	1.00
Cash, West Chester, Pa.	5.00
Wm. C. Gannett, Rochester, N. Y.	10.00
Wm. Salter, Chicago	5.00
Total	$56.00

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XXVI.

Nearing the Promised Land.

You may grow a little tired of hearing about the murmurings of the Israelites; but you see you are finding out how the people learned to do better, and how they began in the complaining way I have told you about, before they finally came to have confidence in themselves. And so I must tell you of some other experiences which the children of Israel had, because of their complainings or fault-findings there in the Wilderness.

It was owing to the same old trouble about what they had to eat and drink. They never would be content. Every now and then they would mourn the loss of the "flesh pots of Egypt," and begin to murmur and wish they had some nicer kind of food. There was the manna in plenty, as I have said, and it was wholesome; but they wished for something better. If they had plenty of water to drink, then they would grow angry because they did not have some nicer kind of food. Or if they had plenty of food, they would complain because they did not have enough water. At one time they made so much trouble about the food that they were sadly punished for it all.

The talk was of the old kind, as you know. This is what they said to Moses: "Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish of which we did eat in Egypt, the cucumbers and the leeks and the melons and the onions; but now our soul is dried away and there is nothing at all besides this manna, before our eyes."

You notice how the habit of exaggeration grows on people who are impatient and inconsiderate. You see how they cried out "there is nothing at all," in that selfish way.

And so Moses talked to the Lord about it, and the Lord became indignant over the way the people were behaving, and he said to Moses: "Have I not brought this people forth out of Egypt? Have I not carried them about and taken care of them as a kind father would carry a child around on his bosom, into the land which I promised to their fathers? Why should I give them flesh that they should eat? Have they not manna in plenty? I shall not endure this thing long; now thou shalt see what shall come to pass." And there went forth a wind; it kept blowing for a while, blowing more and more, and it kept on blowing; by and by it brought great flocks of quails by the hundreds and thousands. The quails kept on coming flying with the wind, until by and by thousands of them fell around the camp where the Israelites were.

Then the people were pleased. They thought now they could have something different to eat than manna; and they became very greedy. They went out and gathered these quails and brought them into the camp for food. They took large baskets and filled them, until they had all the quails they wanted. They had not had this kind of food for a long while, and they went on eating and eating to their hearts' content.

You can be sure that many would eat too much of that kind of food, because they would not use self-control or self-restraint. They just went on eating all they wanted, not taking the manna at all. And so they were punished. They were all made sick by their greediness, and then, oh, how they wished they had never touched those quails! Nearly every man and woman there in the camp was sick, because they had eaten so much of that one kind of food. Just think how ashamed they must have been, sick in mind as well as body. They knew now what it meant to be greedy, and to the end of their lives would remember what happened to them from eating quails. It was a lesson for their murmuring and complaining, and for thinking how much better off in former times they were than now.

After this I do not know just how long the Israelites went on wandering in the Wilderness, hoping for the time to come when they should enter the Land of Canaan; but at one time it seems they came quite near to the country not far away from the River Jordan, which separated the Wilderness from the Land of Canaan.

And it was decided to send a number of men over into Canaan to find out what sort of a country it was, so that they should know how to act, and what they would have to do when they crossed the Jordan and entered there. It was known that the people who at that time lived in the land of Canaan were very wicked. So these men had to go as spies, not letting the people know who they were, lest they should be put to death. This is what Moses said to them: "Get you up this way by the south and see the land, what it is and the people that dwell there, whether they be strong or weak; whether they be few or many, and what the land is that they dwell in, and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds; and what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein or not. And be ye of courage and bring of the fruit of the land."

I must say that I should not like to have been one of those spies who were obliged to cross the Jordan and go into a strange country among the wicked people there. But they went, nevertheless, the spies doing what they were told.

They saw a good deal of the country and what kind of people were there, and they found it to be just as the Lord had told them—a very rich country, one flowing with milk and honey, as had been promised. And they thought how they should like to bring back some of the fruits or grapes they found growing there. And so they concluded to take one of the clusters back with them. Now it would be an easy enough matter for us now to carry a single bunch of grapes with us anywhere, if we did it carefully. But the bunches of grapes they found there in the Land of Canaan were larger than any you or I have ever seen. In fact, a single bunch of grapes was so big that one man could not carry it. And so two of the men took a staff and rested it upon their shoulders, and then they got down one huge cluster and hung it on the staff, and in this way they carried it back to the Israelites in the Wilderness.

You can fancy the surprise of the people when they saw that immense bunch of grapes, so large that it took two people to carry it. And they all wanted to rush across the Jordan at once to live in that country where grapes grew so luxuriantly.

Then the men began to tell something about what they had seen there. This is what they said: "We came to the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey, and this is the fruit of it. Nevertheless, the people be strong that dwell in the land; the cities are walled and very great."

Then when the Israelites asked the spies how great the men were, they had to be told that the men of Canaan were giants—great, tall men—much taller than any of the Children of Israel, saying, "We were in our sight as grasshoppers as compared with these Canaanites."

Another look came over the people's faces. They

said no more about rushing over into that land where those bunches of grapes grew. It was all different now, and they talked in another way; and once more they felt just like children, in spite of all the training they had had there in the Wilderness. And what do you suppose they talked about? Why, the old cry, of course—sighing for the fleshpots of Egypt. This is what they said to Moses: "Would to the Lord we had died in the land of Egypt; wherefore doth the Lord bring us to this land to fall by the sword, that our wives and our children should be a prey? Were it not better for us to return to Egypt? Let us choose a captain, and let him lead us back to that country."

Then two of those brave men who had gone there into Canaan, Joshua and Caleb, felt very sorry indeed and very much ashamed of the folly of the Israelites in wishing to return to Egypt. They rent their clothes, and said to the people: "The land which we passed through to spy is an exceeding good land. If the Lord delight in us, he will bring us to that land and it will be all right; for it is a land that floweth with milk and honey. Neither ought we to rebel against the Lord, nor to be afraid of the people over there."

The Children of Israel became angry at this and picked up stones and were going to stone Joshua and Caleb for talking in that way. Then the Great Ruler knew that these people would never be ready or fit to enter the Promised Land. In spite of all the troubles they had had, and the punishments, they went on acting in the same old way. At first he was for putting them all to death; but Moses pleaded very hard that the people might be forgiven, and this is what he said: "Thou broughtest up this people in thy might from among the Egyptians, for they have heard that thou art with us, that thy cloud standeth over the people and that thou goest before them in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Now if thou shalt kill these people as one man, then the nations when they hear of it will say that thou didst it because thou wert not able to bring the people into the Land which thou promised them. Now I pray thee, pardon the weakness of this people according to the greatness of thy mercy, and as thou hast forgiven these people even from Egypt till now." And the Lord said to Moses: "I will pardon this people according to thy wish; but surely they shall not see the land which I promised to their fathers,—none of them that despised it, save Joshua and Caleb. As for the rest of them, they shall die in the Wilderness according to their whole number, all those who were twenty years old and upward when they left the land of Egypt."

Moses told all this to the Children of Israel and they knew that they had been punished. You see, the Ruler of the World had found out at last that all those who had been grown men and women when they left Egypt would always act like children, and that the only thing to do would be to wait until they should die, and until those who had been children when they left Egypt had grown up into manhood and womanhood and might show a better spirit.

And this is why the Israelites had to wander about there in the Wilderness for forty years, as we are told, before being allowed to enter the Promised Land. If they had acted less like children, all this would not have happened and they might have gone into that country long before. All they could think about to comfort themselves was that, at any rate, their children would be able to go there and live in that beautiful country. Whenever new trials came to them, instead of thinking how, by and by, they would enter that land, they would say to each other: "Well, at any rate our children can go there when they are grown men and women."

When it was too late, they had begun to learn better behavior. But they looked into their children's faces and kept up their courage, because of their love for them. They were obliged, however, to stay in that tiresome country for many years yet, living on the manna, and wandering about from place to place. Sometimes the wicked people who lived in the Wilderness would attack them and try to kill them; and so they had war from time to time. But they felt pretty sure now that the Lord, the Ruler of the World, would stand by them and keep his promise, and that their children should by and by cross the Jordan and enter that Land.

I do not need to tell you about the battles they had, because war is always a sad subject. It means almost everything terrible that one can think of. Yet, from these wars, the Israelites learned a great deal about fighting, and began to have more courage; so that their Lord could feel sure that, by and by, they would be fit for their new home in the new country.

To THE TEACHER: The first part of this chapter is something of a refrain and as such has a value. The point can not be driven home too strongly. Touch on the disposition to exaggeration, especially when one is telling of one's woes or troubles. Explain how tiresome this becomes to those who have to listen to it. In the second part of the chapter we deal once more with the feature of "childishness," in the habit of talking boldly one minute and being cowardly the next. Point out the mistake in not showing trust and going ahead at once when a command comes from a superior. Dwell on the courage and promptitude with which Caleb and Joshua had gone forth at once at the charge of Moses, without fear or hesitation. Show a picture of the two men carrying the bunch of grapes. Emphasize the fearful disappointment which must have fallen on the people in the punishment meted out to them, and yet explain how thoroughly they deserved it.

MEMORY VERSES:

The land which we passed through is an exceeding good land; for it is a land that is flowing with milk and honey.

Neither rebel ye against the Lord nor to be afraid of the people of the land.

How I Catechise Myself.

Do you believe in churches? I do.

Do you believe in life after death? I do.

Have you heard of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? I have.

Who were they? Four men.

Do you realize that the heathen are asked to believe in the divinity of Christ on the testimony of four men? I do.

Do you believe in the divinity of Christ? Facing present conditions, I feel myself exempt at all times from belief in anything on the testimony of four men.

Your mind is quite at ease? It is.

Since when? For nearly twenty years, during which time public calamities and personal trials have but fortified my position.

What is your chief joy in life? My faith in God, as the source of my unwavering faith in mankind.

ANNIE B. FORD.

My Task.

To love some one more dearly ev'ry day,
To help a wand'ring child to find his way,
To ponder o'er a noble thought, and pray,
And smile when evening falls.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when He calls.

—MAUDE LOUISE RAY, in January *Harper's Magazine.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Duet.

A little yellow Bird above,
A little yellow Flower below;
The little Bird can *Sing* the love
That Bird and Blossom know;
The Blossom has no song nor wing,
But *breathes* the love he cannot sing.
—*John B. Tabb.*

Notes.

A tidy little book comes to us from the James H. West Company, of Boston. It is a tribute to Dr. Lewis G. Janes, who died last summer at Greenacre, in Maine. It is dedicated "To the known and unknown friends of Dr. Janes in all lands; to those whose kindness, both by word and deed, has helped to make this volume in some degree worthy of its subject; to those who are nearest and dearest in his love, and who never found that love wanting; above all, to the sacred memory of a loyal soul, this tribute of the spirit is dedicated." The tribute is well deserved and well bestowed. Dr. Janes was a man of large capacity, considerable scholarship and an admirable power to bring men of diverse leanings into friendly co-operation. Much of Dr. Janes' work in later years was in connection with the Greenacre Summer School, where he died.

The founder and soul of this wonderful inspiration was and is Sarah J. Farmer, the noblest embodiment of American womanhood, a soul inspired to bless the world. Greenacre has been as near a holy of holies as mortal man or woman has yet created. I marvel at the faith, the energy, the self-sacrifice, with which one woman alone has accomplished what hosts of men and women have failed to achieve. I said alone! She has not worked alone, for God has been with her. All honor to that loyalty and faith, to that truth and love, which has made Greenacre the symbol of a nobler humanity!

I do not know but that most of the readers of UNITY are already familiar with a little set of books written by Prof. Barnard, and published by Henry T. Coates, of Philadelphia. There are five of them lying on the table that discuss the subject of making a home in the country. It is hard to say which is the most important. Here is one on the Flower Garden; a capital one on My Ten-Rod Farm; another just as good on Farming by Inches. Then there is a volume on Strawberry Growing, and a larger one made up of the small essays and entitled "$2,000 a Year: a Discussion of Fruits and Flowers." All these discuss the questions that come before anyone trying to construct a country home; and they not only do this in a useful but in an attractive manner. I have read recently a great many books of this sort, but I can recommend these as *practical* and liable to really aid any purchaser.

My notice recently of Mr. Bixby's new book, "The New World and the New Thought," omitted to mention that it is published by Thomas Whitaker, Bible House, New York City.

Bird Lore comes every month, with its charming illustrations and its delightful contents. It is a true nature's school, going into the household, wherever it is welcomed. It is doing a great deal of good, not only in cultivating science, but in cultivating moral character. It is published by the Macmillan Company, Fifth avenue, New York, at one dollar a year. It is bi-monthly.

From Funk & Wagnalls Company I am in receipt of a thoroughly first rate book, written by Ernest Crosby. It is a keen satire on the militarism of the age, and the absurdities associated with our political movements. The following is a good illustration of the key of the book.

"Who did win that naval victory?" said Sam.

"That is just what I'd like to know," responded Cleary.

"My own view is that the battle won itself; and I shouldn't be surprised if that were so with most battles. It would be fun to run a war without admirals and generals, and see how it would come out. I don't believe there would be much difference." This seems to be the opinion of President Roosevelt, only Mr. Crosby expressed it before the president. The satire is keen and just; and I am of the opinion that the two or three thousand readers of UNITY are just the ones that will best appreciate this book. The volume is illustrated in fine style, and the book is well got up every way. So I advise you to buy "Captain Jinks, Hero," and not only read it yourself, but get every boy that is in danger of militarism to read it also. If you put it in his way, there is no danger but that he will devour it.

From the same company I have two little volumes that are decidedly neat, tidy, and readable. The first is entitled "The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page." It is a Shakespearian story, delightfully told. The other is entitled "The Sandals, a Tale of Palestine"—a beautiful little idyl that tells what became of Christ's sandals. They are small volumes; 40c each; and will make pretty gift books, especially among the ladies.

"Under My Own Roof" is another book from Funk & Wagnalls Company, and if I had not spoken so highly of "Captain Jinks," I should wish to say that this is the best book that I have seen for family reading, for many a day. It is written by Adelaide L. Rouse—a newspaper woman who determines to get out of the city, and build a suburban home for herself. She tells all about it; and tells it in a very bright and charming way. This getting out of the city into the country is becoming a passion; and it is the most wholesome passion of the age.

From the press of Thomas Y. Crowell, comes a book that I should like to place alongside of one I highly praised in UNITY some months since; that is John Muir's "National Parks." I refer to "Irrigation in the United States," by Frederick Haynes Newell. When I say that this is the best book that we have on the subject; that the illustrations are superabundant; that the style is chaste, terse and clear, I have said enough to recommend the book to every one who believes that President Roosevelt was right, when he said that "the forest and water problems are the most vital internal questions of the United States." Mr. Crowell is publishing a Library of Economics and Politics. A more important library or set of books, more judiciously selected, was never published in the United States. My hope is that we shall have it extended to cover more of our pressing social questions. Just now this work on irrigation should be read; and the subject understood by the voting population. Every effort is being made by the selfish corporations, backed up by ignorance, to prevent a thorough system of irrigation, which shall bring one-sixth of all our territory into a condition to feed a vast population. It is a complex question; but it is here made so clear that our voters will know how wisely to use their influence. President Roosevelt's first message to Congress is embodied in the conclusion—so far as it bears on this question.

From Funk and Wagnalls I have "The Black Cat Club," by James G. Corrothers. This book prefaces to be a series of character studies of negro life, as it may be observed in the great cities of the North. Perhaps it is. The question still remains whether there is anything in that sort of life worth the studying. The scene is laid in Chicago; possibly some Chicago people have time to read the book.

From the same company I get a modest booklet, from Theodore F. Seward, entitled "How to Get Acquainted with God." So far as I have looked into this volume, I should say it was a good one to put into your pocket and read in your outings; and sometimes it would be very valuable to a business man in the vexations of his every-day life. It is based without hesitation on the doctrine of God's immanence. Notwithstanding, there is considerable in the book which is best described by the word "nonsense." However, we are accustomed to allowing our Christian Scientist friends to indulge in a good deal of that material. They seem to find it necessary in order to make us spiritually minded—which they *do*.

From G. P. Putnam Sons I get one of the very best of recent novels, "Patricia of the Hills," by Charles Kennett Burrow. You had better not overlook this admirable piece of work. It is helpful, and it is full of humor as well as poetry. In other words, it is a book that ought to have been written, and ought to be read. It is No. 71 of the Hudson Library—a series of good fiction, paper bound, at 50 cents a copy.

Houghton & Mifflin send me "Audrey," by Mary Johnston. To my taste this is the best of her works. The book is a marvelous illustration of word painting. It is said that the clew to Audrey was found in one of Wordsworth's poems, containing these lines:

> "Three years she grew in sun and shower;
> Then nature said, A lovelier flower
> On earth was never sown.
> This child I to myself will take;
> She shall be mine, and I will make
> A lady of my own."

In chapter first the author draws a picture of the valley of her home. "The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills. The grass which grew there was soft and fine and abundant. The trees which sprang from its dark, rich mold were tall and great of girth. A bright stream flashed through it; and the sunshine lay warm upon the grass, and changed the tassels of the maize into golden plumes. Above the valley, east and north and south, rose the hills, clad in living green, mantled with the purpling grape, wreathed morn and eve with trailing mist. To the westward were the mountains, and they dwelt apart in a blue haze." The power of the book is in its word paintings.

New England Magazine for April has one article so delightful that it alone will pay for the number. It is, "In an Old Garden," and is superbly illustrated. The "Correspondence between General Washington and General Greene" increases in interest. The *World's Work* is one of the few magazines that I cannot do without. The April number gives us, among other capital articles, one on "China and Europe Face to Face" that is of special importance. But the real value of this magazine is its editorial review of leading events. You can get along with this magazine alone—always provided you have *Literary Digest*, and if possible *Review of Reviews*. *Political Science Quarterly* always has some excellent articles. The March number has four exceedingly valuable economic discussions. Just now we cannot know too much of Russia, and "The Economy of Russia" is well discussed by Professor Ford. There is also an admirable discussion of "Taxation in the Philippines."

E. P. P.

The College Student and His Problems.*

A project of Messrs. Macmillan & Company, recently announced, commends itself as an especial evidence of the modern spirit and gives a grateful sense that certain important opportunities open to publishing houses are being at length exercised, and this in a direction sure to find large appreciation and active results. In issuing a small volume upon "The College Student and His Problems," the publishers assert their intention of offering in series a number of books pertaining to the various problems that confront American youth. The series is designed to take the place with the rising generation of those nineteenth century books of counsel, now obsolescent, which did so much to teach young men and women the secret of noble success. All the fundamental questions universally to be considered, whether of body, mind or spiritual nature are to be dealt with by men of special experience and knowledge.

Following upon such purpose we have the present educational volume from the pen of Mr. James Hulme Canfield, at present librarian of Columbia University, formerly chancellor of the University of Nebraska and president of Ohio State University. It is an excellent, direct, genial, engaging talk from one whose deep experience of educational affairs gives him complete survey of the college world. Mr. Canfield retains to the full his sense of comradeship and sympathy with the more limited experiences of the student—an element which insures appreciation and success for this earliest of the "books of counsel." Not only has he in mind the multitudinous appeals for suggestion which were brought into his official life by the students, but he remembers his personal quandaries when as freshman he debated which college to enter, or as senior faced the problem of the choice of a profession. Such factors make the value and intimacy of the study—a pleasing combination of experience and friendliness.

Throughout Mr. Canfield wisely refers to the "little world-ness" of college life, emphasizing the similarity of student problems and temptations to those of the outside world. The young man must be brought to see that the foundations he lays during his four years of university work are those upon which he must plant his house for aye. The discussion begins with "the choice of a college," a choice not to be governed by sentiment or any social reason whatsoever, but made as one seeks connection with a strong business or professional house. The principle of foresight with reference not only to opportunities offered now, but as relating to future needs, is the keyword. Then the matter of a course-selection is examined, both as to the dangers of ill-judged specialism and of mere indefinite acquisition. There is an interesting discussion and valuation of the by-products of education—fraternities, athletics and other college enterprises. The results of their judicious uses in a certain worthy discipline and knowledge of life is said to be among the furthest-reaching factors of after success, and the author instances in proof the careers of several pre-eminent public men who have ascribed a large part of their efficiency to the training derived on those miniature fields of action.

All that is presented the student in finding his bearings leads at last to the consideration of "the choice of life work," and here a fine insight sketches the general status and opportunities of the various professions

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(The College Student and His Problems. By James Hulme Canfield. New York: Macmillan & Company. Price, $1.00.)

and callings as they offer themselves to the American youth of to-day. An extremely practical appendix gives a statement of the actual expenses of attendance at the various prominent colleges, with certain preliminary explanations. The publishers are to be congratulated upon forwarding as the beginning of their proposed studies a work so simple and practical and so free from "preachment" or intellectual patronage.

LAURA MCADOO TRIGGS.

A Garden in Winter.

A dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Said she meant to plant flowers the whole livelong day.
"The weather is cold, and 'tis winter, I know,
But I'll try it," she said, "and I think that they'll grow!"

When the baby fell down she was first to his aid,
She gave him a kiss, did this sweet little maid.
"Jump up and don't cry, for I love you," cried she,
And so Johnny-jump-ups bloomed gaily, you see.

'Twas a chill winter's day, yet once in a while
A sunflower blossomed, and that was a smile—
Sweet peas were her thank you, and other kind words,
And the songs that she sang fluttered light as the birds.

The home was a garden; the light in her eyes
Made it blossom with daisies in spite of chill skies;
And when grandmamma said there was something to do
Forget-me-nots started so gentle and true.

The dear little lady, as sweet as the May,
Went about planting flowers the whole livelong day.
"You're a flower yourself," said her mother at night,
"My dear little heart's-ease, my ladies' delight!"

—*Selected.*

Higher Living.—XXVI.

We are all nobly born; fortunate those who know it; blessed those who remember.

Life is a poor thing, I am more and more convinced, without an art, that always awaits us and is always new.

A man should have his life in his own pocket, and never be thrown out of work by anything.

The essential part of work is not an act, it is a state.
—*Stevenson.*

Best be yourself, imperial plain, and true.—*Browning.*

The labor we delight in physics pain—*Shakespeare.*

After this I was conscious of a new feeling, which I would have found it very hard to explain then. It was not importance, it was not vanity, it was a pleasant feeling, it lifted the head and gave one patience to bear calmly many things that had been very hard to bear. I know now it was the self-respect that comes to every one who is a bread-winner.—*Clara Morris.*

One of the chief hindrances to higher living, either in child or adult, is antipathy to work, or, in old-fashioned speech, "laziness." The safest kind of life is that in which regular and significant occupation finds its own rewards. When the child is found to be naturally indolent, the difficulty of overcoming this and establishing something better is sometimes almost or quite insurmountable. Nevertheless, the obligation to persistently try is great; for, by making him regularly do what he otherwise would not do, he gradually develops a systematic necessity as well as desire for such exercise, and this may in the end be his most valuable safeguard. When a child who has formerly been active is seen to gradually grow idle one of two things may be sought for: Either now, for the first time, a latent instinct has become manifest, in which case regularly enforced duties should be required; or else he is ill and needs careful observation and care. In this latter case the utmost skill is often necessary to get at the real fact. For many times disease is not more obscure than is the trend of temperament toward deception, both organic and functional. And both disease and temperamental tendencies are prolific sources of the mistake which allows relaxed discipline and inadequate instruction as well. Certainly no child that seems to be sick or actually is sick should be so managed as to result in habits which may hamper his life afterward. However, many a one is thus hampered, simply because of parental ignorance of the real condition, or else because of a want of the grit needed for the exigency. Both in children and in adults poor health may or may not be a proper excuse for idleness simply according to real or supposed conditions.

Hence, in general, it ought to be the universal dictum that every child, simply because it is the most natural and valuable of blessings, should be brought up to work, to have certain little things to do, and be required to do them; to assume various appropriate responbilities and give full account to the master spirit. In this way, and only in this way, can he ever learn the vital significance of many things—such, for instance, as the value of time or money, the uses of labor, of concerted action, of obedience, of properly looking forward and providing, and of duly harvesting the rewards of legitimate as compared with wayward activity. Nor are all these less truly moral than are certain other mental elements of progress in the child's life.

Work to be most useful to the child, however, should be, so far as procticable, out of doors. In addition to this, let the tasks be carefully thought out and assigned in such a way that in no sense will they be considered drudgery by the normal child, but simply a part of the one system of culture which is held in highest esteem by all. Indeed, all along there is need that much pains be taken to correct the miserable fallacies and pessimistic notions which everywhere, like barnacles, have attached themselves to human nature, in effect, that work is a curse. Instead, even in the face of all traditional croaking, let it be most joyfully affirmed that if it is only by the sweat of the brow that everything worth being or having is earned, so is it, nevertheless, the greatest of pleasure to do this; moreover, that all people, strong and weak, rich and poor, men and women, children and adults alike, are under the highest moral obligation to be rightfully and regularly employed, according to the world's needs and privileges. Undoubtedly, "all mankind," as Dr. J. G. Holland said, "are constitutionally lazy." But it does not follow that good results accrue from this. On the contrary, it must be understood that unto him who worketh not, a process of atrophy and decay invarisets in, and continues until disintegration of body and mind and spirit eventually results. In children there follow undevelopment and consequent interference ably with every best effort.

SMITH BAKER.

Correspondence.

The following letter from Dr. Whiton of the *Outlook* staff is so full of interesting information that we print it entire, not only for the general information it contains, but in the hope that many of our readers will be induced to send to the address indicated for Dr. Whiton's little leaflet on "The Gambling Evil." What better use could be made of $5.00 than to quietly slip a thousand copies of these into the hands of as many high school boys and girls. Seventy-five cents will buy a hundred of them. Address the League for social service, 287 Fourth Ave., New York.

28 W. One Hundred and Twenty-Eighth St., March 10, 1902.
The Editor of UNITY:

My Dear Sir: In the issue of UNITY of March 6 you have given the New Jersey churches more than their share of credit. The League for Social Service is not their institution, but an independent affair. At the Paris Exposition the United States government appointed it to a distinguished part. It had charge of the "Social Exhibit," representing the progress made in industrial and social betterment in this country. Its secretary, Dr. W. H. Tolman, who was in charge, received a medal of honor at Paris. Its president, Dr. Josiah Strong, is well known by his books and addresses. Under another cover I send a recent issue of the League's Monthly, which is well worth reading. Many large manufacturers are co-operating actively with the League.

What the New Jersey churches have is a committee on "Applied Christianity." For a campaign document in a movement against the gambling evil the League, at their request, caused the leaflet on that subject to be prepared.

If UNITY see fit to refer again to the subject it might be well to refer to *The League* as the source of supply for all who want such a leaflet. The prices are given as $5 per 1,000, $3 per 500, 75 cents per 100.

A list of leaflets on *Good Citizenship*, prepared by the League will be found on page 2 of the leaflet.

Sincerely yours,

J. M. WHITON.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The relative merit of bird-songs can hardly be settled dogmatically; they are parts of nature, and their power is in the degree in which they speak to our experience.

MON.—There are no intricacies in the song of the robin, but its honest cheer and directness go straight to the heart.

TUES.—We have no silent bird that I am aware of, though our pretty cedar-bird has, perhaps, the least voice of any.

WED.—The ear hears best and easiest what it has heard before. To appreciate bird-songs, especially to disentangle them from the confused murmur of nature, requires more or less familiarity with them.

THURS.—The song of the skylark is a pure ecstasy, untouched by any plaintiveness, or pride, or mere hilarity—a well-spring of morning joy and blitheness set high above the fields and downs.

FRI.—The chaffinch is much sought after as a caged bird on the continent. A common workman in Germany has been known to give his cow for a favorite songster.

SAT.—Above a broad stretch of undulating meadow-land the larks were in full song, as if the sunshine was vocal!

John Burroughs.

The Evolution of Light.

When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

When mamma used to go upstairs,
After she'd said "Good-night,"
Her mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.
As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mamma would light the gas.
Now, when the sandman comes for me
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!

—*Jean Mathers in St. Nicholas.*

Rachel Harvey's Deliverance.

A north-country lane ran along the brow of a hill. Behind, in the distance, rose a line of purple woods; below in the valley, a heavy cloud of smoke marked the site of a large manufacturing town. Along the lane a young woman walked. She looked tired, and her shoes were covered with dust. Seeing a white-washed cottage by the roadside, she stopped, and after a moment's hesitation knocked timidly at the door.

"Come in," said a voice, and the stranger entered. A young woman sat hushing a child to sleep. "Can you give me a drink of water?" asked the stranger. "It's hot walking, and I haven't passed a spring for miles. I'll hold the child if you must get up."

The young mother looked curiously at her, but filled a cup from a stone pitcher. "Walked far?" she asked.

"From Warston."

"That's a good step. You're going to Millborough, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the stranger. "I want to get work there if I can, in the mills."

"It's a bad time now; some of the mills are on half-time, and turning away their own hands, and you don't look as if you'd been used to mill work, either."

"I haven't," said the other, quietly, and rose to go.

"Why, bless me, the child's fast asleep, and so fretful as she was, too! You like children, that's clear. Have you got any of your own?" and the mother looked at the plain gold ring on the stranger's ungloved left hand.

"I had one; it died a week old. It's father never saw it—he died, too, of fever. Good-day, and thank you," and before the mother could ask another question the stranger had left the cottage. The cottager watched her from the door.

"She's a fine-looking woman," she said to herself, "but a bit touched by her troubles, I fancy."

Hardened and embittered by her trouble, poor Rachel Harvey certainly was. Friendless and in poverty, with her husband and child taken from her, she had begun to say in her heart, "God has forsaken me; there is no place for me in the world."

It was evening when Rachel reached Millborough, and when she had found a homely lodging and taken a frugal meal it was too late to begin her search for work.

But next day, and for days after that, she went from mill to mill in vain. What the woman at the cottage had told her was true—many regular hands were out of employ. There was no place for an inexperienced stranger. It seemed equally difficult to get work of any other kind, too. Nobody knew her, nobody wanted her. Rachel's little stock of money was soon spent, and she was in her landlady's debt for rent and food. She would have gone on to another town but for this. The woman was suspicious that she would leave, and she stayed on from day to day, hoping against hope that the longed-for work would be found. Her small stock of clothing grew miserably less; her good shawl disappeared, and her neat bonnet was replaced by a handkerchief such as the mill women wore. But this seemed only to stave off destitution a few days more. Then the weather changed, and a cold, drizzling rain set in.

Rachel set off one morning with a desperate feeling at her heart. "Why should I bear it any longer? God has forsaken me. He knows what a strait I am in, and if he cares he would save me. I will try one more day and then——" But even in that bitter mood Rachel dared not say what then. The day wore on, just as other days had done, in weariness and discouragement. But to its gloom was added the drizzling rain that beat the smoke down until the air was thick and dark at midday. The footways were covered with black mud; Rachel's worn boots were like wet paper on her feet, her thin shawl was drenched through and through.

It grew to evening. Rachel had eaten nothing all day. And now, instead of turning homeward, she bent her steps toward a solitary path, where a dark canal wound sluggishly along between wharves and warehouses. A thick pall of smoke was overhead, and though the rain had ceased, the water lay in pools on the footpath and dripped from the rank grass at the canal side. What was Rachel doing here? Ah, God defend the poor woman in her extremity.

A little cry broke the silence, a child's voice, crying piteously, "Mammy, mammy."

Rachel turned and saw a little girl crouched in the shelter of an empty boat moored to the canal side. The sight of the child roused her from her own misery.

"What is it, my darling?" she cried, taking a benumbed little hand in hers.

"O mammy, mammy! I'm lost. Where are you?"

"What is your mammy's name? We'll go and find her."

As well as she could from the faltering speech, Rachel made out the name of Norris, but the child could give no clue to her address.

"We'll find her, my pet, never fear," she said again, and still holding the little hand, led the child from the dreary path to the lighted regions of the town. One look backward she gave on that scene she would never forget. Had God really saved her? Did he care?

Poor Jenny's little feet were tired already, and before many steps were taken Rachel decided to place her in her own poor bed, and then search alone for the mother. The child was soon asleep, and Rachel kissed the little face lovingly before she locked the door and left.

Calling first at the police-station to leave word there, Rachel set out on her almost hopeless quest. But her own heart had not felt so full of hope for months. Had not God given her something to do—the opportunity of bringing joy to another's heart, though her own was aching?

And at midnight Jenny's mother bent over her sleeping child.

"You have saved my darling! God ever bless you!"

"God sent her to save me," said Rachel, simply.

And before Mrs. Norris left she had given Rachel an idea which had hope in it for the future. She was a widow obliged to work in the mills, and to leave little Jenny in the care of a 'minder,' who had suffered her to stray away and lose herself. Rachel found that many a mother, like Mrs. Norris, had to leave her little ones in like manner. Why should not she, with a heart full of love for children, take care of these little ones for the few pence a day the mothers were able to pay?

She began first with one or two in Mrs. Norris' room. But the mothers who cared for their children's welfare soon discovered how they throve under her care, and she soon had to take her own room, and at last her own little house. And there, if you pass at the hour when the women leave the mills, you will find a small crowd of mothers come for their little ones, and stopping to consult Mrs. Harvey about Johnny's teeth or Polly's vaccination, or to tell their troubles to the kindly woman whose sympathy never fails.

And when the babies are gone, there comes a little school-girl to learn to sew and mend, clean and cook. For it is Jenny's great ambition to grow up a handy, helpful maid, and go one day to help dear Mrs. Harvey, whom, with all her simple little soul, she loves.—*Methodist Recorder.*

How the Children Read It.

The Sunday school lesson for the day was "Joseph Sold Into Egypt," and the teacher of the infant class asked a bright little boy to tell the lesson story.

He went on with it all right until he said, "His brothers murdered a little child, and dipped Joseph's coat in the blood."

"What!" gasped the teacher.

"That's what my lesson paper said," persisted the boy. "So did mine," "and mine," added one child after another.

"Let me see it," said the teacher, and the children passed up a regular shower of little pink lesson papers.

"There, see!" said the boy. "They killed a kid, and dipped the coat in the blood."

This actually happened in northern New England, where the children are not familiar with goats.—*Sunday School Times.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.—The treasurer of this organization is in receipt of a check of $25.00 for the life membership of Rev. S. H. Winkley, of Boston. The Unitarian yearbook shows that this youthful friend of fellowship and apostle of applied religion was ordained and settled at the Bullfinch Place Church, Boston, in 1846, which means a continued pastorate of 56 years. It is true, younger hands have shared in the work, and another, Christopher R. Eliot, now bears the burden of the pulpit service, but the beloved Mr. Winkley is still pastor emeritus. We take a new hold on him, our long time friend and inspirer, as he takes fresh hold of this good work of fellowship and co-operative religion, which was ever dear to his heart. May his life membership be a long one. Let many friends go and do likewise that they may share his inspired fellowship.

Acknowledgement.

The following sums have been subscribed to the Congress of Religion since December 1, 1902, the beginning of the last half of the fiscal year, which ends June 1, 1902:

Miss Annie B. Ford, New Harmony, Ind.	$ 5.00
All Souls Church, Chicago.	200.00
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LEO FOX, Treasurer.

Foreign Notes.

THE HINDU APOSTLE TO THE CHRISTIANS.—It is not altogether uncommon to find in the *Indian Messenger* organ of the *Brahmo Samaj*, and in other Indian papers, pretty sharp criticism of the Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, on the ground of his mysticism and obscurity. Mr. Mozoomdar is so well known in America that the following study of his strength and his weakness from the Hindu standpoint will have a special interest here. It appeared in a recent issue of *New India.*

"Many of those who attended the annual address of the Rev. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, at the Town Hall (Calcutta) last Friday evening, must have been impressed with the marvelous spiritual insight and pious fervor that he brought to bear upon the interpretation of Christian life and dogma; and what we regretted most was that there were so few Christians among his large audience to profit by his exposition or be moved by his appeal.

"Mr. Mozoomdar's utterances about Christ and Christianity have not been endorsed by the large body of members of his own denomination. They have even given sore offense to many of his own people. He made no secret of it, even while delivering his annual address. That his friends have just cause for complaint, it is impossible to deny; though it might be said, in defense of Mr. Mozoomdar, that his inner and real convictions are not correctly represented by the interpretation that people generally put upon his utterances about Christ and Christianity. It was admittedly a great misfortune of the late Keshub Chunder Sen that he could not help using symbols and imagery in his public utterances, which lent themselves readily, and not without justification, to misunderstanding and confusion. The same misfortune has dogged the ways of Mr. Mozoomdar's utterances also, especially those on Christ and Christianity. Mr. Mozoomdar is essentially a poet. He is by common consent the most exquisite word-painter we have in India; it is doubtful whether he has in this respect many equals even among Englishmen and Americans. Like most poets and word-painters, Mr. Mozoomdar oftentimes, though most unconsciously, sacrifices precision of thought and accuracy of expression, to the music of words. It is observed in most of his publications and is a glaring characteristic of all his speeches. This came out last Friday, also, when he spoke of Christ Jesus as the Universal Humanity, as the Son of God, as the Incarnation of the Humanity of God,—expressions which can have, rationally, an idealistic interpretation only—and in the same breath applied these epithets in a loose and easy way to the historical Christ.

"But though this method of expression and exposition is calculated to create confusion in the minds of his own countrymen, they have a power over, and a meaning to, Christian peoples brought up in Christian traditions, whose spiritual life has grown for centuries and centuries around the Christ-symbol,—which it is difficult for us to realize. In Christendom it is difficult, if not altogether impossible, to separate the ideal and spiritual Christ—the Universal Humanity, as Mr. Mozoomdar expressed it,—fully from the historical symbol through which it has grown in Christian consciousness and Christian experience. This separation can be safely effected by highly cultured and profoundly spiritual minds alone. To attempt it with the masses is to cut the very roots of their religious life. Here the symbol must be kept, though its meaning and significance must deepen and widen. This is really what Mr. Moozoomdar has been seeking to do these many years, ever since his first visit to America and the publication of his 'Oriental Christ.' This is the secret of his wonderful influence in liberal Christian circles, especially in America; where not only among Unitarians, but among Methodists, and Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, and even Episcopalians, he is held in high honor, and his writings are read as helps to spiritual exercise. Indeed, we cannot here in India form any just estimate of the excellent service that Mr. Mozoomdar has done to religion in our times; we have to visit the advanced wings of the Christian churches, especially in America, to see the full fruition of his labors.

"Indeed, as the Christian church of the first century found in Paul a capable apostle to the Gentiles, so it may well be said that the Brahmo Somaj, the Reformed Hindu Church of the nineteenth and the twentieth century, has found in Mr. Mozoomdar, a most capable and worthy apostle to the Christians. The Brahmo Somaj had, from the time of Raja Ram Mohan Roy, started upon a three-fold mission of religious reform and reconstruction, Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian. The Raja, on account of his Christian work, the main records of which are preserved in the three Appeals to the Christian Public, is held by liberal Christians to be among the fathers of their church. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen also tried to follow up the work of the Raja; and Mr. Mozoomdar is walking in the steps of his spiritual predecessors in trying to liberalize and spiritualize the religion of Christ Jesus, as it has come to be apprehended and as it is sought to be followed by the popular Christian churches. And in this work—to judge from actual results, especially in regard to spiritual life,—Mr. Mozoomdar has been, it will have to be admitted, more successful than either Raja Ram Mohan Roy or Keshub Chunder Sen.

"Mr. Mozoomdar's work among his own countrymen has not been fruitful. Nor can it be ignored that he has not the necessary equipment for that work. His acquaintance with the thought and culture of his own country has been very meager. He has, all his life, practically fed his soul upon Christian literature, and has grown through Christian influences, though he has illumined these all by the deep spirituality and the glowing emotion of his inherited Hindu nature. The character and personality of Christ have a depth and significance to him, such as they have not to perhaps any other Hindu; while the universal and idealistic elements of his own national inheritance, have universalized and spiritualized Christ's character and personality, making them an altogether new symbol of spiritual life and culture. Though we are bound to resent when he seeks to impose upon us his peculiar personal ideals and methods as universal truths, we cannot refuse to recognize the services that he has rendered to modern religion in the Christian countries by his Oriental Christ, his Heart-beats, and his Spirit of God. When our little strifes and confusions have ceased, and history, isolating herself from the noisy present, tries to form an estimate of the work of the Brahmo leaders, she will, we feel sure, name Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, as the Hindu apostle to the Christians."

M. E. H.

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